11630. b. 6
10

A CHOICE, MERRIE, AND COMICAL BALLAD,

ENTITULED

SIRRE MARTYN and his MANNE,

SHEWINGE

Parte I. *How they waxed fatte, and did conceit themſelves to be verie* wyſe.

Parte II. *How they became* merrie, *and in the gladneſſe of their hearts did devyſe and compaſſe miſcheefe.*

Parte III. *In what guiſe they weir taken in their own toyles, and how it chaunced and cam to paſſe that they weir found to bee nythar* merrie *ne* wyſe, *with marie other pleaſante thynges of ſemblable ſorte.*

Quha maketh his mynyſters a flayminge fier. Pſ. CIV. ver. iv.

Licenſed and entered according to order.

ADVERTISEMENT to the READER.

THE READER *will naturally expect a poem answerable to the title in outward marks of antiquity, and he ought to have the best reasons why that may not be.*

Some years ago, when a rage for antient poëfy *prevailed, the* editor *made a collection of* old ballads, *and amongst them was one bearing the present title; but too much mutilated by time and ill usage to admit of being copied entire. He therefore chose to collect the mangled fragments, and in doing so to give them a modern dress, to adapt them to modern times, and assign to the airs the most modern and easy tunes.*

The original is now irretrievably lost; nor could the title ever have been preserved so entire, but that it happened to be placed at the latter end.---the book having been for many years past in the possession of an Irishman.

In what period of antiquity the piece first appeared antiquarians differ. At the top of the title was written in old court hand " ryghte conynglie indyted by the Au- "thoure of *The Battel of* Flodden-field *"—but this we must allow to be far from decisive proof. Clearly however it must have had its rise in the darkest ages of popery, of which the manifest allusion to popish indulgencies in the 1st and 2d stanzas of the clerk's hymn is alone an irrefragable proof.*

It will be asked why the Editor *should publish a piece, which cannot have the most distant allusion to any person, thing, or circumstance* now *known to us. I answer that it has this twofold purpose,*

1st. It sheweth the inefficacy of the popish religion (the practice or principles of which could not work an alteration in the depraved disposition of Sirre Martyn and his Manne) *and by consequence the superior excellence of the times and religion wherewith we are blessed.*

2d. It serveth for a specimen and is a part of that collection which the Editor *designs to give to the world in a larger work, to which he humbly solicits a public subscription—Particulars of which will be delivered in a few weeks.*

N. B. Good Allowance *to those who sell again.*

*** *Most money given for* Linen Rags.

BRITISH MUSEUM

WITH graceful archneſs ſmaller faults to ſeize,
Wounding to tickle, and correcting pleaſe,
To laſh with mercy, laugh without diſdain,
And ne'er in candid minds to leave a pain,
The liberal muſe delights: But if a ſhade,
Of mingled vice her calm retreat pervade,
If pertinacious, ſelfiſh, and auſtere,
Mild reaſon's voice th'offender will not hear,
A nobler anger and more ſerious blame
Conſign the wretch to well deſerved ſhame.
——And tho' no flights of ſportive fancy charm,
No thought improve us, and no pathos warm:
Criticks excuſe! Nor wonder that we lack
Beauty of colour when we paint a black.

There liv'd a well-fed prieſt, no matter where,
Who ſeldom thought of faſting or of prayer:
Who bleſt with more then e'er form'd competence,
Thought want of ſelfiſhneſs was want of ſenſe——
Some ſages think that nature form'd him then,
When tir'd with making *bears* ſhe turn'd to *men*.
A lump ſo ſhapeleſs claim'd an equal mind,
And nature was not in her aim confin'd:

She

She ſaw 't'would do for knave or fool——and loath
To leave out either forthwith ſtampt him both:
Gave him to fortune with this friendly pray'r
" Helpleſs himſelf, O! be his fate your care! "
Fortune obey'd and with preferment's ſtore,
Fill'd all his paws, and bade him *gape* for more.

To gain a curate of a kindred mind
(No more let fortune be depicted blind)
She ſought (no eaſy taſk) the kingdom round,
And one, but one, her anxious labours crown'd.
He of the two had this pre-eminence,
Low ſelfiſh cunning held the place of ſenſe.
So could he uſe his patron as his tool——
So only did not *ſeem* to be a fool.
To feed his rancour or his ſpleen aſſwage,
'Gainſt whom he wronged to indulge his rage,
Full oft by flatt'ry's aid the time he ſeiz'd,
And lick'd his patron to what form he pleas'd.
In ſneering converſe once his oily tongue,
Had done its part; and then theſe lines he ſung,

Tune: *The parſon of Sardin.*

Your tythes, Sir, are not well paid ye,
And wherein to ſhew you I'm ready
Your pariſhioners thoſe dogs,
Tho' they pay tythe of hogs,
Yet of all other tythes would defraud ye. Tythe

Tythe parſnips, potatoes or vetches,
You know ne'er were paid by the wretches,
With twenty things more,
As I hinted before,
Of which what I've nam'd but a ſketch is.

But we'll trim the rogues in a trice Sir,
If you'll but purſue my advice Sir——
Claim the tenth of all things,
Which the year's increaſe brings——
Nay I'd take even tythe of crab-lice Sir!

Warm'd with the thought of adding to his ſtore,
Of yearly hundreds *a few ſhillings* more,
" Curate, " quoth he, and thrice he op'd his eyes,
Thrice pull'd his breeches up, thrice ſhook his thighs——
" Curate, " quoth he, " if we ſhould try I fear——"
"——If proof be wanting I myſelf will ſwear——"
Touch'd with his zeal the rector cry'd " 'tis good,
" I'll do't, I'll do't, I'll do't, G—d d——n my blood,
" If tney reſiſt, thou know'ſt the rogues are poor,
" We'll go to law, and ſtarve them out of door,
"——As for thy boundleſs worth, and equal wit,
" EITHER TO SERVE A PIG——OR SERVE A WRIT——
" To cure my horſes or bring home my G****
" T'aſſert my rights and fright the men of——

" Thy

" Thy daily watchings to extend my gains——
" Some good fat living ſhall reward theſe pains."
So ſpeaking: ſudden joy his mind illum'd,
He drank his *tea* and then the ſong aſſum'd.

Tune: *In ſtory we're told.*

Well, here's to the law
May it faſten its paw,
And gripe till the RASCALS are undone
So quick take thy pen,
My caſe ſtate—and then
Write up for *ſubpœnas* to London.

I commit all to thee
And I'll give thee a fee
——A good one "*In verb' ſacerdotis*"——
A hundred a year
As ſure as thou'rt there,
Or elſe this of mine no black coat is.

No eaſe ſhall they have
'Till they come to the grave,
Whilſt I ſhall continue their rector——
Yes! we'll turn up their drabs,
And take tythe of thoſe crabs,
Of which thou ſhalt be the COLLECTOR.

All

All this reſolv'd; the rector ſaid "'Tis dark
"And I am merry, let us call the clerk,
"Who as in duty bound his voice ſhall raiſe
"To pleaſe our fancies, and our project praiſe,
"Only abſtain from *Tate* and *Brady's* pſalms——
"I never think of them but I have qualms,
"Yet leſt our mirth ſhould come to ears profane,
"'Twere well to ſing it in a pſalm-like ſtrain."
Obedient Moſes anſwer'd to the call,
Firſt gave the words; and then began to bawl.

Tune: *Old York pſalm tune*, or *St. Mary's, alias Hackney, Or th'old hundred.*

1 The man who truly pays his tythes,
The rector will befriend,
Happy is he nor ſhall his ſins,
Like others ſins offend.

2 Tho' baſtards ſhall his doors beſet,
Sad *crying* proofs of ſin,
Exempt from penance he ſhall be,
And fear of *church-war-din.*

3 But he who ſets a MODUS up,
To 'ſcape the rector's power
The CURATE baſtards ſhall beget,
And lay them at *his* door.

4 Then

4 Then ſheeted penance ſhall he do,
And bear old women's blame
And be admoniſh'd for the ſin
By HIM WHO DID THE SAME.
——

The worthy pair their enterprize began,
And thro' all forms of law oppreſſive ran.
'Twould tire your patience and retard our ſong
And does not to poetic art belong,
An apt deſcription of their works to raiſe
——Myſtic as heaven's are the DEVIL's ways——
The laymen in one common cauſe combin'd,
To juſtice and their country's laws reſign'd
With decent firmneſs the deciſion wait,
Nor dare the combat, nor can dread its fate.
"Who madly go to law, will oft repent——"
This ſlighted truth the paſtors now lament.
Alas! good men, you feel as it draws near
The day of trial is a day of fear;
Entangled in the webs yourſelves have made
Ah! reverend ſpiders, ceaſe the ſubtil trade.

Tune: *The laughing ſong ſung at the Lancaſhire meeting.*

To virtuous clergy we never refuſe
(For well they deſerve them) their rights or their dues:

But

But when wicked parſons would eat up the land,
For duty neglected the ill earn'd demand,

We treat with a CHORUS *of Ha, ha, ha,——ha, ha, ha,——*
ha ha ha——We treat with a chorus of ha ha ha &c.

When they *never* practice what *weekly* they preach,
And are worſe than the worſt of the flock they ſhould teach,
'Gainſt the luſts of the fleſh if they argue with force,
Yet lie, ſwear, and whore, without ſhame or remorſe

We muſt have a CHORUS *of ha ha ha &c.*

If contentious they wantonly fly to the laws,
To a good Engliſh jury we ſtill leave the cauſe:
But if their career ſhould chance to be checkt,
So droll muſt they look that what can they expect

But to meet with a CHORUS *of ha ha ha &c.*

Yet forgetting their faults and diſmiſſing all rage,
Let PITY our feelings towards them engage;
Then fill up a bumper and round let it go:
'Tis ever allow'd to the winners you know

To kick up a CHORUS *of ha, ha, ha,——ha, ha, ha,——*
ha, ha, ha,—h-a-a—To kick up a chorus of ha, ha, ha. &c.

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But when wicked parties would carry the land,
For duty neglected the ill earn'd demand,

We must with a chorus of Ha, ha, ha,——ha, ha, ha,——
ha ha ha——We must with a chorus of ha ha ha &c.

When they never practice what wisely they preach,
And are worse than the worst of the flock they should teach,
Should the lives of the rich it they argue with force,
Yet ill, Cavil, and whine, without time or remorse,

We may have a chorus of ha ha ha &c.

If occasions they wantonly fly to the laws,
To a good English jury we fill leave the cause:
But if their career they would chance to be check,
So droll must they look that what can they expect

But to meet with a chorus of ha ha ha &c.

Yet for setting their faults and dismissing all rage,
I er pray our feelings towards them engage;
Then fill up a bumper and round let it go:
'Tis ever allow'd to the winners you know

To kick up a chorus of ha, ha, ha,——ha, ha, ha,——
ha, ha, ha,—a-a—To kick up a chorus of ha, ha, ha, &c.